

Oxford Democrat.

No. 42, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, February 22, 1848.

Old Series, No. 52, Volume 16.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. SMITH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS

IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms—

the Proprietor not being accountable for any error

beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

A reasonable deduction will be made for payment in

advance.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

(From Neal's Saturday Gazette.)

THE REMAPO PASS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

UNFINISHED.

CHAPTER V.

So come the eagle-hearted down,

So come the high and proud to earth

When life's night-gathering tempests frown.

Over their glory and their mirth.

GREENVILLE MELEN.

Upon returning to camp, Blanch found the

usual routine of military duty unchanged.

There were the morning review, the camp fires, the

arms stacked for inspection, and the poor

garments of the soldiery spread out for washing and

airing, together with the ordinary sounds of light

festivity, and mirth half bitter and half careless,

growing out of the hardships or inaction of the

period. Some were prosperous, the others

seeing their clothing to the neighboring farm-houses

for renovation—and groups of these messengers

were disposed about, giving to the scene an

aspect of cheerful, busy idleness, far from being

unpicturesque, as the morning sun lighted the

white canvas of the tents, and a stifling breeze

swayed them to and fro. Blanch was surprised at

this appearance of inaction, having supposed

from the remarks of Washington and Hamilton,

that the troops were to be immediately on the

march.

Reaching the quarters of the Commander-in-

Chief, he found all in readiness for his departure,

together with another despatch to be delivered

at West Point, which he received from the

hands of Hamilton.

"I shall sell my life as dearly as possible, you

may be sure, Hamilton—but really I should be

glad to know upon what pretext I lose it," said

Blanch.

Hamilton this time looked grave, was severe,

and his answer was so ambiguous that Blanch

felt himself treated after a school-boy fashion,

who is expected to obey quite as much because

he is subordinate, and to whom it is not worth

while to give a reason.

"When you reach Morristown," replied Ham-

ilton, all will be made clear to you."

"Reach Morristown? I shall do that when I

am bomb-proof, Colonel, not before. Confound

this mystery. I won't stay to be shot like a lame

pigeon, be the case what it may; if a stout heart,

and good horse can double the ramparts of Re-

mapo unscathed, I shall go through. Farewell!"

He put spurs to his horse and was away as he

said, but presently wheeling round, he returned

to the side of Hamilton.

"My friend I have quarrelled with my mistress

and withheld the truth of my mission from my

mother—I would have you set me well with

these, in case—the young man dashed a tear

from his eye as he spoke—and Hamilton replied

only by a warm pressure of the hand.

Blanch at first rode on with a speed adapted

to the excited state of his own feelings. But as

the noble scenery of the Hudson opened before

him, and his eyes wandered away where moun-

tains swelled beyond mountain in the distance, a

sense of individual nothingness grew upon him,

while nature, the great maternal world, loomed

into gloomy vastness, a solemn and overwelling

magnitude, crushing and grinding him down

like the omnipotence of a fate. Gradually the

rein slackened and he moved mechanically on,

ward, feeling himself impelled to a certain doom.

Blanch was young in years, with a strong and

lustrous physique, through which the finer

elements played with a readiness of response like

that of the wind harp to the passing breeze—

and as the melody of water and wild birds found

their way to his ear, his mood changed to one

of human interest; and then it was that he felt

the vigorous pulsations of his own heart, and how

strong was life within him! then arose that in-

stinctive love of the latter, which we lose, per-

haps never—or only when the tails and evils of

the world have filled us with weariness and dis-

gust, and its hollows have made us long. God

lost himself in the urgencies of life—again he

felt his own subordination to the good of others.

"It must be," he said, "that the few will be

sacrificed to the many. The poor fellows who are

fighting our battles die, and are forgotten—what

does it matter, so long as a fair inheritance is pre-

served for the many, who shall come after us."

He rode on in silence, as he thought, and now

became subject to one of those peculiar opera-

tions of the mind, by which it carries on a double

process of thinking, one of which is distinct and

tangible, and the other a deeper under current

betraying the secret reality of an engrossing sub-

ject, the first being the mere mechanical train of

thought by which we try to escape from the lat-

ter.

"Ay, but to die, to go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot—

This terrible worm motion to become

A leaved and—oh the delightful soul!"

He turned sharply round supposing some one

was repeating the passage, and shaded to find

himself alone. Again he rode on, thinking as be-

fore, & again the startling language came back to

his ear, and it was not till his senses had trick-

led him in this way several times, that he became

fully aware that the words proceeded from his

own lips.

Startled and ashamed he now fully roused him-

self. "It must be that I am a contemptible cow-

ard—a coward at heart, acting manfully only

when upheld by the undefined influence of oth-

ers but sinking from peril when left to myself.

It is but death that I brave—death that must

come to all at some time, and what does it mat-

ter whether we meet it on the battle-field, in the

full companionship of blood and carnage or

fall a solitary mark for the destroyer?"

Such were a portion of the many thoughts

which stirred in the bosom of the youth as he

entered West Point. Here he delayed longer

than he had anticipated, so that the day was fast

waning when he again found himself on his

route. He had not proceeded many miles when

he became aware of a horseman somewhat in ad-

vance, who kept the road he was travelling, but

at such a distance he could not determine the

character of the stranger, though convinced he

was himself an object of scrutiny. At length reach-

ing a part of the way where the hills presented a

narrow defile, open for miles in front, he put spurs

to his horse and confronted the rider, who, astride

of a miserable, stumbling rascally, could not

compete with the better mounted Blanch.

He was a thin, pale youth, ragged & barefoot,

and having no saddle, the marvel was how he

contrived to keep his sitting upon the back of

the animal at the pace in which he moved. In-

deed it would seem as if both horse and rider

were at that precise point of emaciation which

established an entire mesmeric sympathy be-

tween them, the tones of the two mechanically

swinging in concert, and the yellow locks of the

one tossing just as did the mane of the other, so

that at a distance they not unaptly suggested the

idea of the waving, shadowy outline of the last

of the Centaurs.

"My poor Jamie!" exclaimed Blanch, as he

drew near enough to see who it was. To his

surprise the boy rode suddenly onward without

reply, urging his feet into the sides of the least

to increase his speed, as if he would avoid the

speaker. Blanch hurried on, and looking into

his face, found him in tears. Alas! it is for the

beautiful to weep and awaken sympathy in the

human breast, and they do so condoling in their

power, but the poor, the aged and the ugly, turn

aside to screen the anguish of the heart, well

knowing that the tenderness of response is not

for them. Too truly they awaken but a distress-

ing pity, and we give them silence, commera-

ting silence, or the condolence of the lips; while

the impulsive arm, and the answering tear, or

the warm pressure of the hand is withheld.

"My poor Jamie! what do you here, so far

from the camp?" said Blanch.

The boy sank his head into his bosom, and

the tears showered from his eyes, but he was

silent.

CHAPTER VI.

His simple face of clay and of light—

Outward of soul in action, thought and feeling;

His mind, directed by no conflicting light,

His narrow birth, clear in each revealing

His will autonomous, to set on the part

So plainly gazed on his untutored heart.

HOFMAN.

James Haven, or Jamie, as he was always

called, was one of those poor unfortunate of this

world whom we sometimes meet with all of whose

faculties are large and active, except those of

the reflective character, by which we are brought

into clear relation with those about us, and are

heart, and a word of gentleness, a tone of ben-

evolence, warmed the spirit of the unhappy youth

into gratitude and affection to the giver. It

was a singular fact that Jamie intuitively attach-

ed himself only to the finest and noblest natures.

Unlike many in his situation, his passions were

of the most amiable kind, no sensuality or grim-

ace belonged to him, and thence he wore an

expression of touching melancholy most painful

to the beholder.

Jamie had grown up amid the disorders of

the time, seeing men suffering and hungry, dy-

ing by bloodshed, living in tents, watchful, labo-

rious and insecure, and he naturally thought

this the common order of society; that men

were created to march and counter-march, and

hew each other down, rank and file. For many

years he had followed the movements of the ar-

my because of his extreme attachment to the

person of Washington, but the gravity and pre-

occupation of the great man were oppressive to

one so constitutionally reverent, and of late he

had devoted himself to Wendell Blanch,

whose more youthful impulses gave a relief to

the faculties of the poor boy. He was thin and

pale, not so much from neglect as the exhaust-

ing activity of a mind always perplexed, and

always on the alert to do some good to the ob-

ject of his affection. Being of a harmless, tacit-

urn nature, he was allowed free range of the

quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and there

is no doubt in this way secrets of the utmost

importance to the country found a lodgment

in his brain, without detriment to any one, for his

movements were regulated solely by his affec-

tions, and these, as we have said, were devoted

for the present to Washington and Wendell

Blanch.

The latter was now both perplexed and sur-

prised at the manner in which Jamie seemed

determined to avoid him, but supposing this

arose simply from a wish to be with him, and a

fear that he should be sent back, might be the

cause of his present emotion, he soothed him by

expressions of kindness, and patted his hand up-

on his shoulder after the manner he would ca-

ress a mute favorite in the shape of a horse or a

hound. Jamie grew more tranquil, and at last

reining in his horse beside his friend, looked in-

to his face so long and steadily that Blanch felt

a superstitious dread creep over him, as if the

story eyes of Fate were fixed upon his face.

"Well Jamie! speak out," he at length said,

and knowing that the boy was unable to arrange

his thoughts into words while in motion, he also

came to a stand.

Jamie twisted himself round upon his horse

and replied—

"I want to take the papers down to Remapo."

Blanch grew alarmed to find the secret so

well known, and gave him an evasive answer.

Jamie dismounted by the roadside and gave

his bridle into the hands of Blanch, then seating

himself upon the ground he pressed both hands

upon his temples, as was his custom when try-

ing to make an unusual mental effort. Blanch,

amazed as he was, and impatient of delay, was

obliged to place himself beside him, when Jam-

ie suddenly poured out the contents of his

brain without pause, lest he should lose the con-

nection of events.

"I was under the table, half asleep, when I

heard Washington plan to go to Yorktown, in-

stead of New York, and send you to be robbed

and shot at Remapo. I heard the whole, you

are to be the papers and be killed, killed, dear

Mr. Blanch, and the crows to feed on 'em, and

leave poor Jamie without a friend! Oh! oh!

oh! Give me the papers, I am going down

there to tell them not to fire, or if they do, to

kill Jamie and not you."

The whole light now broke upon the mind of

Blanch, and he saw at once through the mystery

of his mission. He was long arranging the

threads of thought, regardless of the tears of the

devoted boy, till

to Yorktown, and acquaint him with the entire contents of his plan, and then return to Newburg, and obtain aid for the removal of poor Jamie to that place for burial.

It is unnecessary to follow further the various characters of our story, the result of which may be easily anticipated by our reader. A few days sufficed to restore Blanch to freedom, and he had the sad pleasure of doing all that gratitude could do to preserve the memory of poor Jamie in existence. The story of his devotion was often upon the lips of his children in after years, and the rollicking Katrina grew reverent in view of his fate, and the greatness of principle which carried men through poverty, hardship, and death itself, that no shackle should disgrace this glorious western heritage.

Time works its changes in all, consigning the warped and wooed in infidelity to their legitimate contempt, and adding in the development of the true and good in those of a stronger make: whether it was time to love, both or one, which converted the pettish and spoiled girl into a high-spirited and noble woman, perhaps even Katrina herself might have found it difficult to say, we are only assured of the fact, and that Mistress Blanch, who had once regarded her with cold displeasure learned to love her with a most motherly tenderness.

With that strange perversity said to be characteristic of the sex, Katrina was led to love Blanch devotedly at the time when her own power over him was least in the ascendant. Arrived at Newburg, he remained only long enough to do the last melancholy offices to the remains of Jamie, and then joined the staff of Washington on the march to Yorktown. On this occasion it was that Blanch made a most ungalant speech, in reply to some coquetry of Katrina's, which she declared through life she would never forgive: namely, that "a man must be not only base but a fool, to heed a woman at a time when his country was at stake," a speech which argued so much of manly determination, that Katrina, audacious as she was, found herself careful never to encroach upon. Even Mistress Blanch confessed to the staidness and gentleness of Katrina, for the year and a half which kept her son absent about the person of Washington. But these things are unnecessary to detail, our object being not to write a "love tale," but to tell the story of the Messenger of the Romapo Pass.

SPEECH OF SENATOR DIX.

We give below extracts from a recent speech delivered in the United States Senate, by Mr. Dix, of New York in support of the war. It is one of the strongest, clearest, most elaborate, and best arranged arguments made on that question during the session. Mr. Dix sustains the policy of the administration in the conduct of the war, as the surest, speediest, best and only policy, promising to bring about an honorable and lasting peace, and his reasoning on this head is clear, cogent, and conclusive. He objects to the withdrawal of our troops from Mexico, without a peace, as a movement which would be sure to be followed by a renewal of those scenes of civil discord and violence with which that ill-starred Republic has been so signally cursed—ending only in the reestablishment of the supremacy of the military chiefs, who would undoubtedly recommence the crusade for the reconquest of Texas, thus reviving the war, to whose duration no assignable limit could be fixed. The effect upon our future commerce and trade with Mexico, of thus retiring without a treaty of peace, is an important consideration. Mr. Dix truly says, that "all commerce between her and us would cease, and to be transferred to our rivals; our frontier would be a line of war, not a boundary between peaceful neighbors; and no citizen of the United States could be expected, for years to come, to plant his foot on Mexican soil."—Age.

On the subject of the withdrawal of our troops Mr. Dix remarks:

"I have already said that no policy can deserve our support, which does not hold out the promise of durable peace. Nothing seems to me more unlikely to secure so desirable a result, than an abandonment of Mexico by us at the present moment without a treaty, leaving behind a strong feeling of animosity towards us, with party divisions as strongly marked, and political animosities as rancorous, perhaps, as they have been at any former period. Even when her capital had fallen, humbled and powerless as she was, party leaders, instead of consulting for the common good, were seen struggling with each other for the barren sceptre of her authority. Our retirement as enemies would, in all probability, be the signal for intestine conflicts as desperate and sanguinary as those in which they have been engaged with us—conflicts always the most disastrous for the great body of the Mexican people, for, on what side soever fortune turns, they are certain to be the victims. You know, sir, there are two great parties in Mexico, (I pass by the minor divisions,)—the 'Federalists' and 'Centralists.' The former as their names imports, are in favor of the federative system; they are the true republican party. With us, in former times, the terms 'Federal' and 'Republican' designated different parties; in Mexico, they are both employed designate the friends of the federative system. The Centralists are in favor of a consolidated government, republican or monarchical in form, and are composed of the army, the clergy, and, I suppose, a small portion of the population. I believe our only hope of obtaining a durable peace lies in the firm establishment of the Federal party in power, the party represented by Herrera, Anaya, Pena y Pena, Cumplido, and others. I understand Herrera has been elected President of the Republic; and this is certainly a favorable indication. But unfortunately, I fear, this party would not succeed in maintaining itself, if Mexico were left to herself at the present moment, with an unblended feeling of hostility towards us. The

military chiefs, who controlled the army, and who might rally it again, for political uses, if we were to retire without a treaty, are, for the most part, enemies of the federative system, and conservators of the popular abuses, to which they owe their wealth and importance. Nothing could be more unfortunate for Mexico, than the reestablishment of these men in power. It would bring with it a hopeless perpetuation of the anarchy and oppression which have given a character to their supremacy in past years a supremacy without a prospect of amelioration in the condition of the Mexican people—a supremacy, of which the chief variation has been an exchange of one military despot for another.

"Calmness as the restoration of this party to their former ascendancy would be for Mexico, it would hardly be less so for us. Relying on military force for their support, their policy would be to continue the war as a pretext for maintaining the army in full strength, or, at least, not to terminate it till peace would insure their own supremacy. It is believed that these considerations have been leading motives in the resistance they have opposed to us. It is true, the republican party has been equally hostile, so far as external indications show; but the fact is accounted for by their desire to see the war continued until the army and its leaders, the great enemies of the federative system, are overthrown. Undoubtedly, the obstinate refusal of Mexico to make peace may be very properly referred to the natural exasperation of every people whose soil is invaded; but there can be little doubt that it has been influenced, in no inconsiderable degree, by considerations growing out of party divisions, and the jealousy and animosities to which those divisions have given rise. My confidence in our ability to make an amicable arrangement with the Federal party, if it were in undisputed possession of the government, arises from the belief that their motives are honest, that they have at heart the public welfare, and that they must see there is no hope for Mexico but in a solid peace with us. My utter distrust of the Centralists arises from the belief that their objects are selfish, and that, to accomplish them, they would not hesitate to sacrifice the liberties of the people and the prosperity of the country. But, whether I err in these views or not, I feel quite confident I do not err in believing that, if our arms were to be withdrawn from Mexico, without a peace, the flames of civil discord would be rekindled in that unhappy country, and burn with redoubled violence. I should greatly fear that the military chiefs would succeed in reestablishing their ascendancy, and that no probable limit could be assigned to the duration of the war. If I am right, our true policy is to stand firm, and, if possible, united, until such counsel shall prevail in Mexico, and a disposition shall be shown to come to an amicable arrangement with us on reasonable terms."

"There is wide difference between retiring as belligerents and enemies, without a treaty, and as friends, under an amicable arrangement, with solemn obligations on both sides to keep the peace. In the former case, probably one of the first acts of Mexico would be to reassemble her army, and her government might fall under the control of her military leaders. In the latter, amicable relations being restored, and military forces being unnecessary, at least to act against us, the peace party would have better hopes of maintaining themselves, of preventing the army, which is now regarded as responsible for the national disasters, from gaining the ascendancy, and also of excluding influences from abroad, which would be hostile to her interests and fatal to the common tranquility of both countries."

"The Senator from South Carolina has said, in his emphatic language, that we are 'tied to a corpse.' It is a striking figure, Mr. President, and partakes strongly of the boldness in which the illustrations of that distinguished Senator are always conceived. Mexico is, indeed, prostrate—almost politically inanimate, if you please—under the oppressions which have been heaped upon her, year after year, by unscrupulous rulers. But I should be sorry to believe her beyond the power of resurrection, even by human means. I do not expect, as our contact with her becomes more intimate, to see her, like the dead body touched by the bones of the prophet, spring at a single bound to life and strength. But I hope to see her—possibly through our intervention—free from the despotic sway of her military rulers, and rising, by care degrees, to the national importance I wish her to possess; order and tranquility first, next social improvement and stable government, and at last an honorable rank among the nations of the earth. I contemplate no direct interference with her government—no permanent system of protection to be exercised over it—no alliance with her beyond what may be necessary to secure to us the objects of peace. But I do contemplate a treaty, stipulating for commercial arrangements, for protection and security to our own citizens in their future intercourse with her, and no withdrawal of our forces without it, at least until all chance of obtaining one shall prove hopeless. If we were to retire now, all commerce between her and us would cease, and be transferred to our rivals; our frontier would be a line of war, not a boundary between peaceful neighbors; and, her loss the tide of conquest should be poured back upon her under the provocations such a condition of our relations would almost necessarily superinduce, no citizen of the United States could be expected, for years to come, to plant his foot on Mexican soil. War dissolves the political and commercial relation of independent States, so far as they rest upon voluntary agreement. It is only by a treaty of peace that they can be revived, or new relations be substituted for the old."

"As hostilities are now suspended, the chief province of the army will be to maintain internal tranquility, support the civil authorities in the execution of the laws, to free the country from the robber and guerrilla bands by which it is infested, and subserve the great purposes of government by affording security to liberty, property, and life—a security the Mexicans have not often fully enjoyed. The very exercise of these beneficent agencies will tend to disarm hostility towards us with the thinking portion of the population. It will place our armies in a most favorable contrast with hers, which have been scourges rather than protectors to their own countrymen. I would, if possible, have no more bloodshed. I would make our armies the protectors not the enemies of the Mexican people, and render them subservient to the eradication of abuses and to the institution of a better civil administration, under Mexican magistrates; abstaining from all interference with the frame of the government; and changing its action only what, by universal consent, requires to be changed. If this course were to be adopted and steadily pursued, I should earnestly hope its effect would be, at no distant time, to make the capital, under our protection, the centre of an influence which would lead to the reestablishment of the federative system on a durable basis, and give to that distracted country the settled order which is alone necessary to make her happy and prosperous."

"To abandon the city of Mexico would, I fear, put an end to all these prospects and hopes. That city is the political as well as the financial centre of the Republic. It is there governments have been instituted and deposed, armies levied, revenue systems devised and carried into execution. So long as we hold it, and control the adjoining districts, I believe nothing but imprudence or mismanagement can raise up a formidable opposition to us. If we abandon it, all the resources of the country, which it commands, will again be at the control of its rulers, to be employed against us in the renewal of active hostilities."

THE NIGHT TALK.

Once in a while, we come across a sensible article in a federal paper; and when we do, we always make it a point to file it away in our columns, as the rarity of the thing adds much to the value.

The New York Commercial Advertiser, as our readers know, is a staunch, old-fashioned federal print of the old school. That paper is scolding its party right loudly, as will be seen by the following extract from one of its editorials:—

"What then have the Whigs been doing?—What are they doing? Most of them are hammering away at the old, worn question touching the origin of the war, and other matters equally worn out question of its justice. But what have the whigs and the country to do with them now? No matter who began the war—whether the President or Congress, or Mexico—the war exists; here is a great fact, bringing with it a formidable train of necessities and consequences, enough to demand for their entire maintenance all the ability and wisdom of the nation. Why throw away any portion of this wisdom and ability now, in an endeavor to apportion the responsibility with nice exactitude? What object is to be effected other than an object of political partisanship? The question of origin and that of justice have been abundantly discussed, what need of going on day after day, to beat and torment the chaff that has long since been beaten clean from every kernel of grain? We conceive that Whig talent and energy are sadly wasted now in debating this question of origin, this question of original justice, and in quarrelling with the President and his friends upon resolutions of inquiry."

What are we to do with the war? This question the whigs bring up occasionally; but unfortunately with extraneous admixtures which again waste of talent and energy."

"That we believe to be the sentiment of the people of both parties. The war exists—that is a 'fixed fact.' It must be carried on to an honorable close—that is another 'fixed fact.' At present it is of but little account how the war began, or who began it. That should be an adjourned question. When the proper time comes, the administration and the country will be ready and happy to meet it. But now—while the federalists in Congress are wasting the public time, and treasure in discussing this point, and making speeches that few listen to and less read—the honor of the country is endangered."

The Commercial Advertiser further, it speaks out for LAND-INDIFFERENCE. Read the following from the same article:—

"It is perfectly idle to demand or expect that the mass of the people of these United States will consent to forego their right, according to the usage of nations, to indemnify themselves for the expenses of the war in any way that may be open to them. It is conceded on all hands that the only way is land. An indemnification in land, therefore, may as well be admitted at once to be the category of eventualities. It is idle, a mere waste of breath or pen and ink, to argue against this concession."

That is mainly, and we hope the potent voice of our venerable countryman will be heard at Washington. No treaty and no peace which does not involve indemnity, ample in its nature, in thing against it, they are spending their thunder gratis. Southerners, however, may come to that conclusion; and the sooner they get there the sooner will the war be over. Argue."

TRAVELING BECOMING VALUABLE. A soldier in Mexico writes as follows to a member of the Ohio Legislature:

A friend of mine has sent me a copy of Corwin's speech; I could get almost any price for it, for soldiers think that if they should be so unfortunate as to be taken prisoners, and should have this speech in their pockets, they could be kindly treated by the Mexicans."

Mr. Webster has been confined to his room in Washington, for two or three days, with a cold and rheumatic attack.

EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

British steamer Hibernia, Capt. Shannon, arrived at New York on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, having left Liverpool on the 20th ult., and touched at Halifax on the 13th inst.

Money had become still easier in England for first class discounts, and national securities maintained an upward tendency. In breadstuffs there had been a further, though not essential decline throughout the kingdom, but at Liverpool the last quotations show a better feeling in Indian corn and corn meal.

The Liverpool provision market was firm. Cotton was tending upward. The Bank of England has reduced its rate of interest to 4 per cent., and the private bankers' to 3 per cent.

The postscript of the Liverpool Times gives a condensed view of the latest intelligence, as follows:—

"Our express from London, which arrived this morning, announces officially through the Danish embassy the death of the King of Denmark."

From Austria we learn that Prince Metternich's influence is on the wane.

The King of Wurtemberg opened the chambers on the 22d with a royal speech.

The steam frigate Magellan had sailed from Toulon for La Plata with an envoy bearing despatches from the French government.

The King of Bavaria has ordered the Jesuits, who have taken refuge there after banishment from Switzerland, to leave within three days.

The Madrid journals of the 22d are as uninteresting as those of preceding days. The ex-minister D. Francisco Xavier de Burgos died on the 21st.

The Paris Presse says it has seen a letter, written from on board an American ship of war, dated the 10th, off Messina, which states that a fire of artillery had been opened on that place.

Paris letters of the 25th inst., state that anxiety respecting the situation of Naples and Sicily was increasing. The assembling of 25,000 troops in Naples, was held forth to confirm the rumored intention of the disaffected to revolt.

The King of Naples was believed in Paris to be still determined to refuse making any concessions to his people.

The West India mail steamer Teviot, inward bound, with the West India and Mexican mails, grounded by Calshot Castle, a few miles down the Southampton water. She brings 133,000 dollars.

Letters from Rome, of the 18th inst., state that the account of the insurrection in Sicily had produced a deep sensation in that capital. It was reported that the Austrian ambassador, in compliance with instructions he had received from his court, in case any serious disturbances took place in the kingdom of Naples, had demanded a passage through the Roman dominions for an army of 30,000 men to assist King Ferdinand in putting down the revolt. His holiness had peremptorily refused that permission, and declared that he would, in conjunction with his allies, resist by force all invasion of his states.

Lord Minto, on the other hand, having been asked if England would permit Austria to send a naval expedition to Naples, was understood to have replied that his government would take no step to prevent the repression of a rebellion, but that in the event of the success of the revolt, and the establishment of a regular government under the reigning family of Naples, Lord Palmerston would oppose all foreign intervention. Lord Minto, who had ordered the British fleet not to appear at Naples, lest its presence should occasion a revolutionary movement, had, on receipt of the intelligence of the insurrection at Palermo, sent directions to Admiral Parker to detach ships of the squadron to the Sicilian coast to protect the persons and property of English residents. The Prussian government had renounced a loan of 1,000,000 marks, (£200,000), of 94, with M. Delahante, a French banker.

Mr. Bancroft has returned to London from Paris.

IRELAND.—The Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland will hold another conference in Dublin, upon the poverty and distress of their several dioceses, before the meeting of parliament on the 2d of Feb. Preparations on a larger extent than for many years past, are making for emigration. A great proportion of the number will be Protestants, most of whom will have a considerable amount of cash with them. A general and nearly simultaneous search for arms has been begun throughout the proclaimed districts. From the south and West, the accounts of the increase of destitution are most afflicting. The Cork Reporter gives a statement of increasing destitution in various parts of the country, and of deaths from starvation; but a splendid entertainment was given at the Mansion House, by the new lord mayor, at which the lord lieutenant and many of the leading citizens attended.

FRANCE.—Paris letters of the evening of Jan. 27, state that the funds continued to rise, notwithstanding the gloom caused by the affairs of Italy. Marshal Bugeaud has accepted the war department. The Moniteur publishes a royal ordinance extending the prohibition to export articles from France until the 31st July, 1848. The weather was beautiful, and the cold intense in Paris, 20 degrees Fahrenheit at noon. The Seine was nearly frozen over.

SPAIN.—The Madrid mails of the 21st have arrived. They do not contain much of interest. El Clarin Publico says that the charge d'affaires of Holland was assassinated on the 20th; the assassins were arrested.

Letters from St. Petersburg state that the disorder of the emperor of Russia had returned with increased violence. He had been compelled to keep his room for several days.

Austria.—Accounts from Vienna mention that great preparations for reinforcing the army

had been commenced. Up to the 12th the purchase of cavalry horses had amounted to less than 1,500,000 florins. A great quantity of ammunition and cannon for Italy had been ordered.

INDIA.—The news from Bombay is to Dec. 15. The accounts of the failures in England reduced business in every branch to cash transactions, but the effect on prices had not been so bad as might be expected. All tranquil in India and China.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAINE, FEBRUARY 22, 1848.

"The Antinomist must be preserved."

BACKING OUT.

THE LAST WORD REPEATED!

We headed our last article in reply to Mr. Drew, "The Gospel Banner vs. Republicanism." Of this Mr. Drew complains as unfair, and refuses to have the last word in reply, or give our very "friendly" and respectful article a candid consideration. The reader will note that it is not the article, itself, of which he complains, that is all true, but of "the heading." Well, we honestly think the heading implies just what we should infer from Mr. Drew's own remarks. He informs us that the Federalists supported Adams and the Republicans supported Jefferson. He then classes himself with the former, opposed to the latter, and we, of course, supposed him opposed to republicanism, i. e. to Jeffersonian republicanism, the republicanism of the "oldest school;" although "all his principles might not take their cue from the errors that existed" in the leading Federalists. Mr. Drew has appeared devious to convey to his readers the unfavorable idea that we would underrate the patriotism of such men as Adams and Hamilton, and take from them their well earned fame; but their patriotism is not the question at issue. The question is, what were their sentiments relative to the capacity of the people for self-government, and whether they would have the few govern the many. We never questioned the purity of their motives, nor their honesty of opinion; and we ascribed to them no sentiment which is not confirmed by their writings. Yet, Mr. Drew charged us with slanderous them, and denied that he or they ever entertained such sentiments; and also requesting us to inform our readers that he is "a republican" of the "old school." We readily complied with this request; but when he took sides with the leading Federalists, opposed to Jefferson, a leading Republican, we thought his claims to republicanism unfounded—hence our "heading." And Mr. Drew need not expect to make the people believe him a Hamiltonian Federalist, and at the same time "a Republican of the oldest school." He might as well talk about white black-birds.

Mr. Drew may be assured that we are not so "exceedingly unfair and illiberal" as to wish to raise a prejudice among our readers against the Banner. So long as the Banner remains a religious paper, such of our readers as approve its religious principles, will not be so "illiberal" as to reject the Banner because of the political opinions of its Editor. We would much rather "bury" its "errors," than dig them "up as raw-heads-and-bloody-bones with which to frighten the ignorant and timid," or even to alarm patriots than deprive him of rest.

In reference to us Mr. Drew says, "We are republicans—certainly as much so as he." Perhaps so. We never had any republicanism to boast of; and have often wished we had more; but thank Heaven, we never had any sympathy for the federal party—its long ears have always been obvious to our view, notwithstanding it has so often sought the covering of the lion's skin.

He also says, "He knows, and every body knows, that Republicanism signifies that form of government in which the supreme power resides in the people, or in representatives appointed by the people." Yes, and so does too, and every body knows, that it is just such a government as the federalists have always opposed.

In our last article, which seems offensive to Mr. Drew, we thanked him for the fair and honorable ground he had taken in favor of his country, and I stated that we respected him and his paper more the less because of difference of opinion; but in return, we are called "illiberal and unfair." We feel, however, greatly obliged to him for the following item of advice. He says—"Neighbor, let us be just to one another, and not seek to create vulgar prejudices by false accusations." By this, he of course means, "let us not, falsely accuse our neighbor of 'slandering,' 'misrepresentation,' 'prejudice,' and being 'unfriendly,' 'illiberal and unfair.' Let this advice be heeded, and as he desires he will 'live to see the time when an editor can be honorable towards an opponent, without being accused of infidelity to good principles.'"

As Mr. Drew has backed out from a further consideration of the subject, here the matter will probably end—and on our part in friendship.

Mr. Clay said in his great anti-war speech at Lexington, that he "almost idolized truth." Like the boy that collected his uncle to give him a pig—who answered no, when the little slave ran to his father in great grief, shouting "daddy, daddy, uncle almost gave me a pig. I asked him, for it and he said no; if he'd only said yes, I'd got it." The boy almost got the pig, and Mr. Clay "almost idolizes truth!"

The late Dr. Rush said—"The Germans rarely die of consumption, because they are always ringing." Let parents remember this.

THE CAT'S PAW. There is a story told of a monk, and a cat, that ought to be very instructive to children. The monkey saw some chestnuts resting on the fire, desiring to taste of them, he borrowed the cat's paw to poke them out of the coals. The cat, it may be supposed, was dreadfully burned, and when it was too late, sent up piteous yells of distress, instead of helping the monkey eat his chestnuts.

Thus it is that wicked persons, when about to engage in mischief of any kind, like to make a cat's paw of somebody. Drunkards, gamblers, and thieves, and almost all persons have their cat's paws and many of those whom they push into mischief might think themselves well off if they only got their fingers burned; but alas! contact with sin their conscience becomes seared, as with a hot iron. We say to our readers, for it and he said no; if he'd only said yes, I'd got it." The boy almost got the pig, and Mr. Clay "almost idolizes truth!"

A FREE THINKER.—An itinerant preacher, a few years since, while discussing on the subject of sects, observed—"Some of you may, probably, wish to know to what sect I belong. I can tell you in a very few words: I am a Free Thinker. Not that I belong to any particular sect of that name, but I am a free thinker on this wise; I think, and afterwards, if I discover that I thought wrong, I take the liberty of thinking again."

It appears as though the above may be improved to advantage. Should we not all be such Free Thinkers? Should we not renounce every opinion, no matter how deeply valued, which later evidence has discovered to be erroneous?

We are all aware of the deep impression made upon our minds by education and the prepossessions of youth. From these it is impossible for us to be wholly exempt. But it would seem to be not only our duty, but our reasonable privilege, continually to examine, all subjects, political and religious, to think and judge for ourselves. Solomon was of the opinion, that a fool never changed his opinions, but that a wise man changed often. That this opinion is correct, daily experience testifies. How few young men think to read what is useful, or read to think, or to furnish subject matter for thought and reflection. Scientific, novel, political and religious subjects are all subjects of thought, highly important to young men—and should be well understood, that they may be successfully reduced to practice.

The violation of natural laws is the fruitful cause of all human calamity; therefore he who regards them most rigidly, will, of course, be the happiest and freest; and who is more so than the honest, industrious mechanic and farmer.

"What boxes govern the world?" asks a N. York paper, and answers the question thus—"The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the Jury-box, and the band-box."

Yes, and the money-box governs more than all of them combined.

The whigs of this State are blowing upon Judge Rice, recently appointed to the bench for the middle district, and who held his first court at Belfast on the 10th. He is 70 "tall and thin" to suit the Portland Advertiser; and the Bangor Gazette editor saw him at work at a printing press about fifteen years ago, actually "swinging the frisket with his brawny arm!" Nothing appears against Mr. Rice's character, his legal knowledge or fitness for the office; but he is a democrat, and has worked at a trade, and whiggery turns up its nose at him.

A lady sent to the late Newark war meeting, a flag made from the silk petticoat of one of the handsomest girls in New Jersey. Before the Mexicans could take that, there would be an uncommon bustle about.

THE TREATY.—The Washington Union says—in its message to the House, the President puts at rest the rumors which have been so rife on the streets and in the papers, that the government has some official information of the negotiation of a treaty or of the project of a treaty proposed by Mr. Trist and the three Mexican commissioners. The message shows that there is no foundation for such reports, so far as our administration is concerned. It is whispered out of doors, that Mr. McIntosh, the British agent has attempted to bring about such a negotiation, and had given some assurance to Gen. Scott of the disposition of the Mexican government to propose some conciliatory scheme of adjustment. It is whispered, also, that these assurances had not been verified. But how far these suggestions are true, we have no means of ascertaining. It seems certain that the government has no official or positive information on the subject."

"These Milleries are queer people," said old Roger, as he returned from one of their meetings; "here they are now, as they believe, about to realize their fondest hopes—eternal happiness is coming over them 'all of a sudden,' as old Buss cat his leg—and yet a more dismal looking set we never saw. One old gentleman looked as if he might let him self out as a general runaway for the last race—it wouldn't have required another, it wouldn't. He was a tough one, that's a fact, and his picture would make the fortune of a Valentine maker—hard older wasn't a circumstance to it; and there was a lady there—talk about wringing sorrow, indeed—her face looked like a red shirt wrung out by a washwoman, and her voice—and the old fellow showed his own voice in whetting his knife to carve the squire."

DON'T BE A CAT'S PAW. There is a story told of a monk, and a cat, that ought to be very instructive to children. The monkey saw some chestnuts resting on the fire, desiring to taste of them, he borrowed the cat's paw to poke them out of the coals. The cat, it may be supposed, was dreadfully burned, and when it was too late, sent up piteous yells of distress, instead of helping the monkey eat his chestnuts.

Thus it is that wicked persons, when about to engage in mischief of any kind, like to make a cat's paw of somebody. Drunkards, gamblers, and thieves, and almost all persons have their cat's paws and many of those whom they push into mischief might think themselves well off if they only got their fingers burned; but alas! contact with sin their conscience becomes seared, as with a hot iron. We say to our readers, for it and he said no; if he'd only said yes, I'd got it." The boy almost got the pig, and Mr. Clay "almost idolizes truth!"

FAST COLORS. A lady a few days since sent an elegant dress to the dyers, with instructions that he should dye it in handsome colors, warranted not to run; and she was somewhat surprised

